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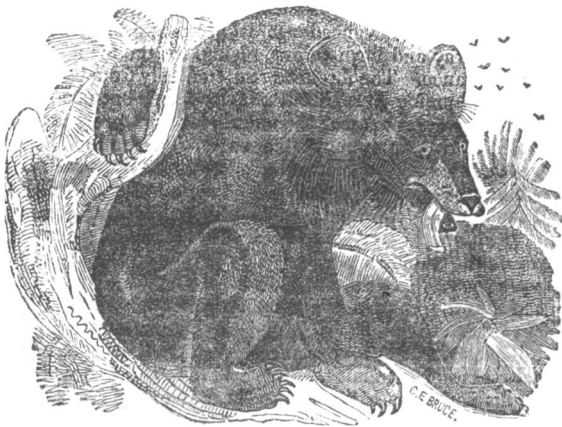
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when irritated, they are formidable enemies to encounter. In such cases they usually raise themselves upon their hind feet, and endeavour to engage and squeeze their opponent between their fore legs, which are excessively powerful. Notwithstanding the clumsiness of their form, they climb trees with great readiness, and swim with almost equal skill. In captivity they are sometimes taught to exhibit their awkward figures in a variety of forced and ludicrous attitudes.

They sometimes attain a considerable age. In the pits of Berne, where it has been the fashion for many centuries to keep some of these animals, "for name's sake," at the public expense, a pair were living in 1771 which had been confined there for one-and-thirty years. Another individual, which was born in the same pits, was living at the commencement of the present century in the Menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, at the age of forty-seven. In both these establishments their only food consisted of bread, occasionally varied by the introduction of fruits and vegetables.

In reference to the general character of the polar bear Mr. Bewick says, that "its ferocity is as remarkable as its attachment to its young. A few years since, the crew of a boat belonging to a ship in the whale-fishery shot at a bear at a short distance, and wounded it. The animal immediately set up the most dreadful yells, and ran along the ice towards the boat. Before it reached it, a second shot was fired, and hit it. This served to increase its fury. It presently swam to the boat, and, in attempting to get on board, reached its fore foot upon the gunnel; but one of the crew, having a hatchet, cut it off. The animal still, however, continued to swim after them till they arrived at the ship; and several shots were fired at it, which also took effect. But, on reaching the ship, it immediately ascended the deck; and the crew having fled into the shrouds, it was pursuing them thither, when a shot from one of them laid it dead upon the deck."



THE THIBET BEAR.

There is no specimen of this animal in the Gardens. From the engraving given above, it will at once be seen that it differs in form and general appearance from any of those we have described. It more closely resembles the description given of the black bear than any other; still there is a striking difference apparent—in the height and breadth of the forehead—the distance between the eyes—and the length of the muzzle or snout, which gives it much the appearance, especially in the head, of an animal of the canine species. The claws are also larger, and more hooked; while the feet and hair with which it is covered, have a much finer and more glossy appearance than that on any of the others which we have described. In these various particulars nature has evidently fitted it for the particular clime and country of which it is an inhabitant.

## THE HUNTER—A LEGEND.

BY J. G. WHITTIER, AN AMERICAN POET.

The hunter went forth with his dog and gun,  
In the earliest glow of the golden sun;  
The trees of the forest bend over his way,  
In the changeful colours of autumn gay:  
For a frost had fallen the night before  
On the quiet greenness which nature wore—

A bitter frost!—for the night was chill,  
And starry and dark, and the wind was still;  
And so, when the looked out on the hills,  
On the stricken woods and the frosted rills,  
The unvaried green of the landscape fled,  
And a wild, rich robe was given instead.

We know not whither the hunter went,  
Or how the last of his days was spent;  
For the noon drew nigh, and he came not back,  
Weary and faint, from his forest track;  
And his wife sat down to her frugal board  
Beside the empty seat of her lord.

And the day passed on, and the sun came down  
To the hills of the west like an angel's crown;  
The shadows lengthened from wood and hill,  
The mist crept up from the meadow-rill,  
Till the broad sun sank, and the red light rolled  
All over the west like a wave of gold.

Yet he came not back—though the stars gave forth  
Their wizard light to the silent earth;  
And his wife looked out from the lattice dim,  
In the earnest manner of fear for him;  
And his fair-haired child on the door-stone stood  
To welcome his father back from the wood!

He came not back—yet they found him soon  
In the burning light of the morrow's noon  
In the fixed and visionless sleep of death,  
Where the red leaves fell at the soft wind's breath;  
And the dog, whose step in the chase was fleet,  
Crouched silent and sad at the hunter's feet.

He slept in death!—but his sleep was one  
Which his neighbours shudder'd to look upon;  
For his brow was black, and his open eye  
Was red with the sign of agony;—  
And they thought, as they gazed on his features grim,  
That an evil deed had been done on him.

They buried him where his father laid,  
By the mossy mounds in the grave-yard shade;  
Yet whispers of doubt passed over the dead,  
And beldames muttered while prayers were said;  
And the hand of the sexton shook as he pressed  
The damp earth down on the hunter's breast.

The seasons passed, and the autumn rain  
And the coloured forest returned again:  
'Twas the very eve that the hunter died;  
The winds wailed over the bare hill-side,  
And the wreathing limbs of the forest shook  
Their red leaves over the swollen brook.

There came a sound on the night-air then,  
Like a spirit-shriek, to the homes of men,  
And louder and shriller it rose again,  
Like the fearful cry of the mad with pain;  
And trembled alike the timid and brave,  
For they knew that it came from the hunter's grave.

And every year, when autumn flings  
Its beautiful robe on created things,  
When Piscataqua's tide is turbid with rain,  
And Coheco's woods are yellow again,  
That cry is heard from the grave-yard earth,  
Like the howl of a demon struggling forth.

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